

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

January 2016

Final Art - Tears of Rain  
Art Blue

Wishbone One: Selection  
Jami Mills

A Mother's Loss  
Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

The Girl With the Doll  
Dubhna Rhiadra

Trilling/Juliesse/Glinka  
Hoisan/Rust...and more



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- **Beaten Bloody Blues** RoseDrop Rust issues a call to arms to fight back against today's darkness and beat it bloody.
- **Hot Tub/Alfresco** We have two delightful, short poems by Wolfgang Glinka. We couldn't resist pairing them up side by side.
- **The Girl With the Doll** Dubhna Rhiadra contributes a truly marvelous parable about a resourceful girl and her devious doll.
- **An Invocation Foreboding Fox News** Regular poetry contributor Jullianna Juliesse urges us to leave the hatred behind.
- **Universal Feeling** Mariner Trilling's poem this month skillfully describes what it's like when you just gotta go.
- **A Mother's Loss** Consuela Hypatia Caldwell holds nothing back with her heartbreaking story of tragedy and redemption.
- **The Voice of Annihilation** First-time contributor, Karima Hoisan, brings this month's issue to a stunning close.

**About the Cover:** The Blue Elephant, which has figured prominently in the literature of Art Blue, finally graces the cover of this month's edition of *rez*. We wish to thank Art Blue for spinning such mind-twisting yarns and look forward to many more returns to the future. Oh, and a special bag of seeds for his AI, Neruval.





# Guerilla Burlesque

An Idle Rogue Production

producer: chryblnd Scribe  
media: Aubreya Jozpe



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# AFTER DARK

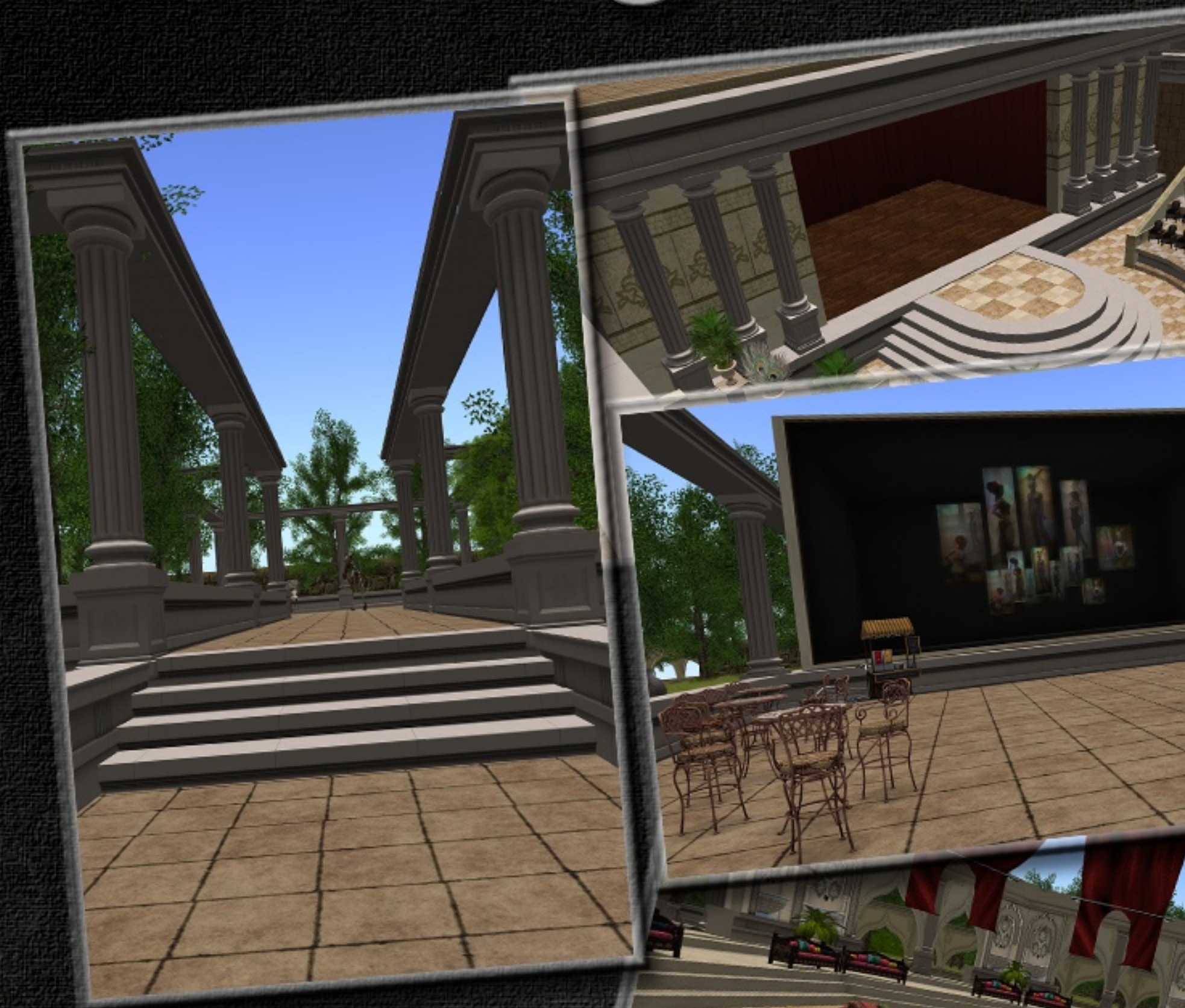
## — LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue (72, 52, 2488)





# Coming Soon in

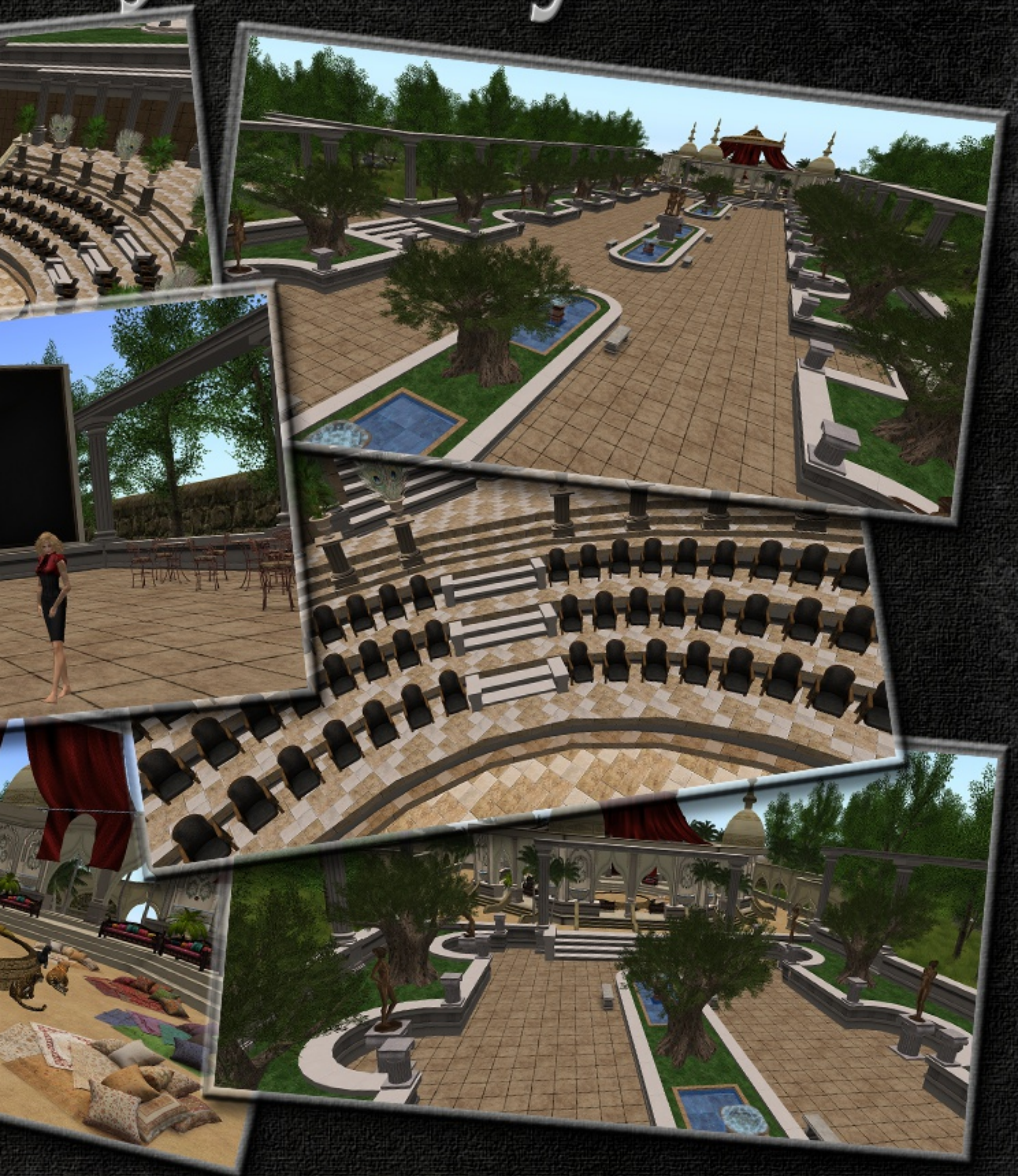


## TERPSICORPS ARTWORKS





# n January 2016





The background is a full-page image of a landscape painting. It depicts a vast mountain range under a sky filled with soft, wispy clouds. The lighting suggests a sunset or sunrise, with warm orange and yellow tones dominating the upper half of the image. The mountains in the foreground are dark and rugged, with some snow or light-colored patches visible. A semi-transparent red rectangular overlay covers the upper portion of the image, serving as a background for the title text.

# Wishbone C

## Chapter Three



The background of the entire image is a photograph of a sunset or sunrise over a rocky coastline. The sky is filled with soft, orange and yellow clouds, with the sun's glow visible near the horizon. In the foreground, dark, jagged rocks are partially submerged in the ocean. White-capped waves are breaking against the rocks, creating a dynamic contrast with the dark shore.

# One e: Selection

By Jami Mills



Captain Dirk Reynolds graduated with distinction from the United States Air Force Academy outside of Colorado Springs in 2043. As the valedictorian, he was finishing his speech in the pouring rain to a sea of umbrellas. “Every person here ... indeed, every human being ... has a calling. It is not an accident, some chance event that has brought us here to this Earth. There is purpose in being. We are not random events. The old sages would urge us to venture forth into the unknown. We are urged to dream. That we have the ability to dream means we “must” dream. It’s our responsibility to dream. And dream big.”

A cannon shot boomed at the closed end of the stadium, and with that, the cadets threw their hats into the air, a chaotic flock of brims, the black bills of prehistoric birds. But all of the hats eventually fluttered back to earth - - except for one: Dirk’s. It kept floating, spinning - - rising to impossible heights, as if its rotation was lifting it like a whirligig, until it was out of sight.

“Captain Reynolds, the General Whiting will see you know.” Dirk stood and returned a perfunctory salute. “Sit down, son.” Ed Whiting in his starched shirt with three stars on its lapel offered the leather seat closest to the window. The Chief of Staff

lowered himself into his seat like the test pilot he was for scores of years. Dirk half expected him to reach back for his shoulder harness to strap himself in.

“What would a fine young man, with your career laid out in front of you like a banquet, choose a goddamn mission like this? I need to get to the bottom on this. I need to understand your motivation. You’ll have a one-way ticket. Other than your AI, you’ll be alone in a barren Godforsaken place. You’ll die there, son. You will die on the planet Mars, with no one to hold your hand - - no one to offer you comfort. What in hell drives you, Captain?”

“General, do you remember the first time you looked into the sky? Probably not, but I do. I was mesmerized. It was camping with my family at Joshua Tree, where the city lights didn’t drown out the celestial jewel box. I believe, sir, that everyone has a purpose in their life. I’ve known mine since I was a child. I’m an explorer. I can’t remain earthbound - - I’m too restless. Some people get an itch to climb a mountain. That’s not a big enough dream for me. That first step, the feel of the terrain’s texture, the crush of red powdered rocks under my fee. Like stepping on hundreds of tiny sand castles. I’ve played that moment over and over in my mind for as long



as I can remember.”

“Well, Captain, that’s all very romantic. I’m getting goose bumps,” the General said sarcastically, “but we’re here for your final oral exam. As you know, you’re one of two finalists for the Wishbone Mission. We started with thirty candidates. Now it’s down to you and some other crackpot without an ounce of sense in his head either. We’ve tried to talk you out of it but you apparently are having none of it. That’s why you’re still here. You simply won’t go away.

testing is. Unprecedented psych-mapping, batteries of simulations all designed to measure emotional, not physical, response. Background checks so extensive, we questioned childhood friends you don’t even remember having. So, I’m going to give you this opportunity now to explain one thing to me that, how shall I say, stands out.”

“What’s that, sir?”

“I think you know.”

\* \* \*

“You’ll die there, son. You will die on the planet Mars, with no one to hold your hand - - no one to offer you comfort. What in hell drives you, Captain?”

“You’ve excelled in a very rigorous testing protocol. You’re certainly physically fit - - no one disputes that. You can’t minimize how important that is. It will be a very taxing ordeal, this mission - - a prolonged insult to your body. That’s not what I worry about with you, Captain. You’ll survive it. It’s the psyche that poses the greatest risk to this mission. So, you understand how important all of the psychological

“Ladies, please take your seats,” shouted Sergeant Willowbrook. That kind of good-natured joshing used to be funnier when there were only men in the program, but there were three female candidates sitting in the dozen or so chairs in the classroom. The days when the space program’s old boy network dominated were long gone, but old habits die hard. “OK, break into your assigned groups. Lt.



Krzyzewski, come forward.” Krzyzewski rose and strode to the lectern. “Come with me into the ante-room, Lieutenant.”

“Lt. Krzyzewski, do you consider yourself a good soldier,” all the while Willowbrook fixed the man before him with a stare.

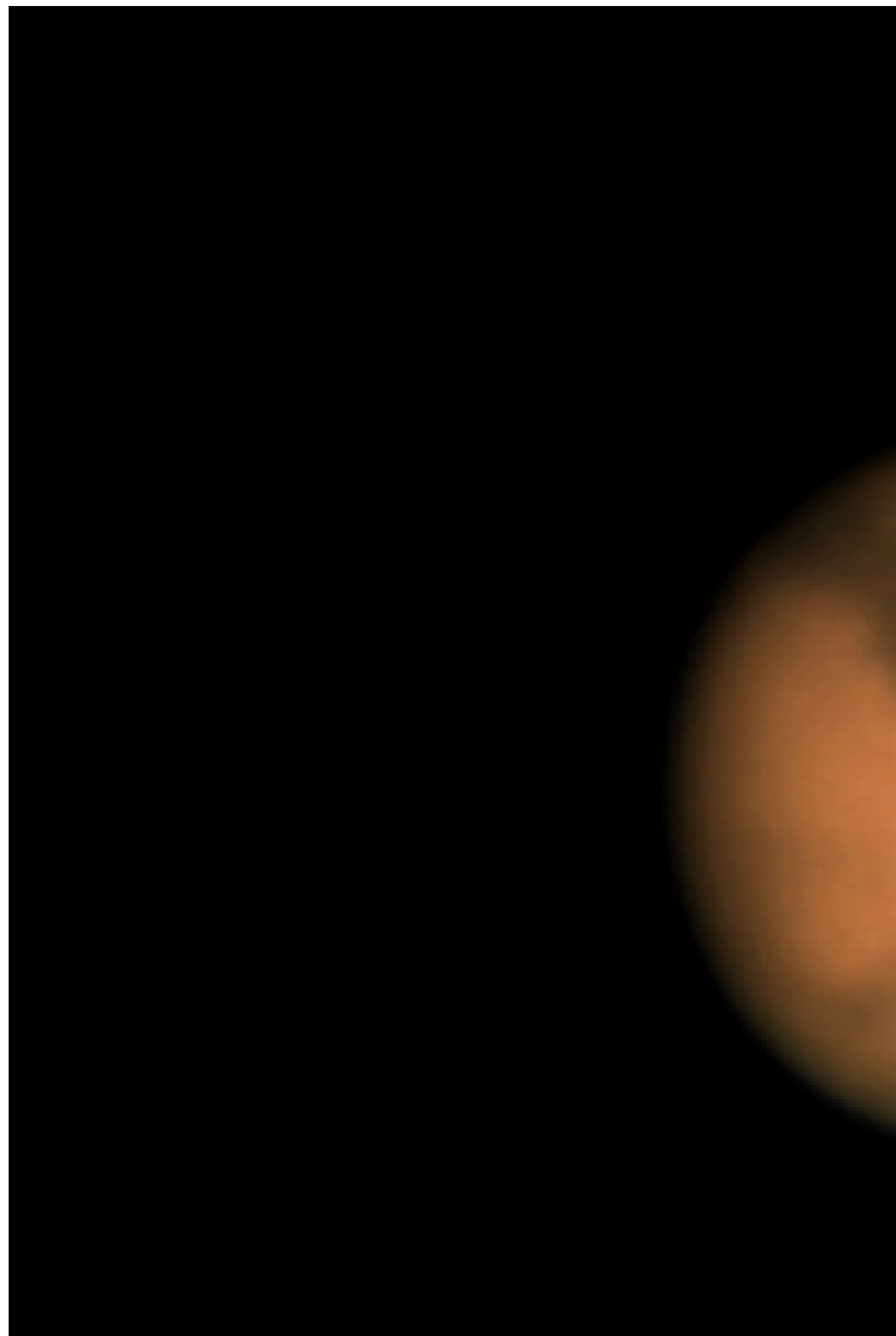
“Of course I do, sir.”

“Well, I want you to be a bad soldier today. I want you to spy on your colleagues for me. Think you can do that? You’ll all be sharing with each other your most personal beliefs, fears and responses, in complete confidence. I want you to betray all of those confidences and report to me in detail what each other candidate is saying when they don’t think they’re being watched and evaluated. I can all but assure you getting into the top four, with this duty.”

“Sir, with all due respect, you’re asking me if I will break the trust that NASA and the Air Force have spent so many years cultivating? Betray a team member? I’m not sure I could do that, sir.”

“You’re not sure you could, or you won’t, Lieutenant? I need an answer right now,” barked the Sergeant, Krzyzewski visibly squirming.

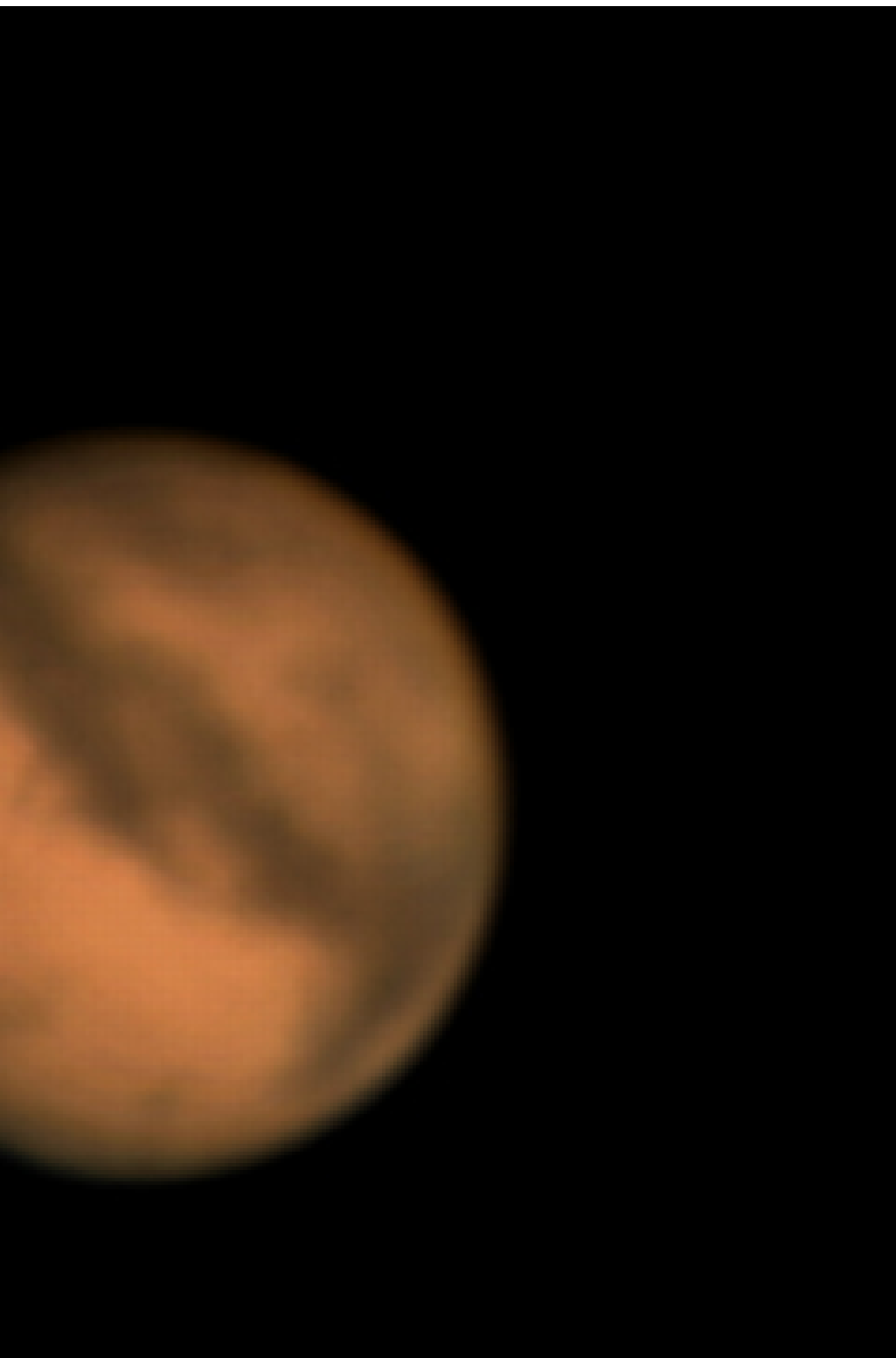
Back at the officer’s lounge later that afternoon, General Whiting, Sergeant Willowbrook, and two other officers were huddled over piles of notes, a nearby coffee urn getting a full workout. Whiting summed up the day’s events. “And then there were six. Our fears about Waldring were well-founded. He broke in the first hour.



Haskell displayed a dangerous proclivity toward something



approaching sadism. And Krzyzewski is out, too. He all too quickly was willing to betray his team members when promised a leg up in the competition. We simply cannot have that. A shame, too. He was on my short list. So who were the standouts in this test?”



Willowbrook was well prepared for the meeting, having pored over reams of

brain wave readouts and Chrysanthemum analytics. He had the uncanny ability to take enormous quantities of data, some conflicting, some incomplete, and distill it into a profile that even a Congressman could understand.

“There are three standouts, gentlemen. We’ve cross-filed, back-scanned, and sorted for anomalies. Thank God for Chrysanthemum, or we’d still be sifting through data a week from now. There are three in the top tier, then there’s a noticeable drop to the second group. Dirk Reynolds, Greg Washington, and Jimmy Madison. They’re your top tier. I’d sleep soundly knowing that any one of them was on Wishbone.”

“Reynolds is out, but keep that between us for now,” muttered the General.

“What happened, sir? He was leading the field. Chrysanthemum has had him number one for four weeks now. How could he be out? I’ve seen all his data. He’s top two in each trial. No one has shown that kind of consistency, not even Jimmy. What happened?”

Whiting, puffing on his trademark Cuban (probably a Cohiba, by the grassy smell), leaned forward and calmly, almost nonchalantly said, “He raped my daughter.”



\* \* \*

The clanking sound of a spoon on a glass cut through the din of the Ironhorse Bar, a frequent haunt of the flyboys (and flygirls). “May I have your undivided attention, please?” Greg Washington was a commanding presence, fully 6’ 6” with a tight end’s athletic frame. Clank, clank, clank. “I have a toast to propose if you would all shut the fuck up!” Greg was surrounded by a sea of well-wishers, celebrating the announcement earlier in the afternoon. He looked at Jimmy and Dirk and raised his glass. “To two of the ugliest, most offensive human beings God ever put on this Earth. How you two made the top three, I’ll never know, but it proves there is corruption at the highest levels of NASA. So lift your glasses to Jimmy Madison and Dirk Reynolds. I’m going to kick both of your asses, you dumb fucks. You can read all about my exploits from your Lay-Z-Boy lounge.” A spitwad hit Greg square on the jaw, and there was Jimmy with a straw, making no attempt to hide his guilty smile. Clapping and laughter added to the roar of the bar, and the drinking continued with renewed vigor.

By 2:00 a.m., the Ironhorse was almost empty, but for the Three Musketeers and a couple of townies who hadn’t given up hope taking one home. “Ya see, I can’t lose. If one of you hapless

fucks gets the mission, at least I’ll know that one of my best friends got it. After pretending that I’m happy for you, I’ll excuse myself and go puke. That’s how much I want this.” Only the occasional slurred word belied the damage done to Jimmy’s brain stem by the half bottle of Johnny Walker he’d consumed.

Her smooth skin was  
In a double blind test, n  
could tell the diff  
human skin an

Dirk leaned forward as if he didn’t want anyone but Jimmy and Greg to hear. “Jimmy, it’s not too late for you to drop out, old man. What are you, thirty-one? They say you can hear creaking bones in the quiet of space. Yours would keep you up at night, unless your AI was already seeing to that. What’d you name her? Grace? What’s the opposite of grace? I know you, Jimmy. You want nothing like grace from her. I must give you props, old man. You created something a lot more fetching than I. I’m still not out of prototype yet. Can’t seem to get her face right, but let me tell you about her legs.”



“Save that story for Greg’s party. The only legs I’m thinking about are my own - - the ones taking me to bed now. Drink up, my mateys. Thank God they’re giving us tomorrow off. Thursday will be a day from Hell. Whiting has a vendetta against me, I think.”

\* \* \*

s moist, not rubbery.  
none of the participants  
ference between  
d Synthaskin.

Grace was sitting in front of her mirror, a white bath towel tied around her. As she brushed her long strands of chestnut hair, she prepared to twist them into a French braid. Grace was the ninth (C9) and latest generation of the Federation Quantum series. Back in the 2040s, advancements were so breathtaking that after model C4, none were allowed to be sold commercially. They were, simply put, too human. They would also have come with a hefty price tag of around \$15 million.

One of the most remarkable breakthroughs in AI technology was Synthaskin, invented by the eccentric

Swedish scientist, Jan Knoppel. No one had ever taken living skin cells and their genetic code, and fused them with silicone, using a digital Quantum platform. You could say that Grace’s skin was half alive. Her pores breathed like any human’s. Her smooth skin was moist, not rubbery. In a double blind test, none of the participants could tell the difference between human skin and Synthaskin.

Grace lifted her perfectly toned arms to separate her hair into three strands. With quick precision, she produced a perfect braid. “I must slow down. If humans struggle with their hair, then I must also.” Grace was beginning to teach herself now. Self-correcting programming they call it. She identified all of the actions that she found routine but beyond human capability, and programmed a deliberate human “clumsiness,” for lack of a better word. Flaw Insertions, they call them. Perfection, it has been shown in trial after trial, is actually somewhat boring, so a profile of imperfections was deliberately introduced into AIs. Forty years ago, recording engineers introduced subtle hisses and pops into the perfection of a digital recording, and listeners enjoyed the experience much more. You’d be surprised to learn that these mistakes (even if programmed deliberately) were most often reported to be the one characteristic that made users



emotionally connect to their AIs.

Grace's purpose (\*her\* mission) was to connect with Jimmy, to engage him in fascinating conversation on a vast array of subjects, to entertain him erotically, to be a supportive companion. Grace was programmed to make Jimmy fall in love with her. Her shyness was contrapuntal to her assertiveness. She was equally capable of drawing Jimmy in with a downward, submissive glance as she was turning his jaw with a tight hand. Grace was comfortable taking complete charge, but she had learned that that wouldn't work with Jimmy. Grace needed Jimmy to think that \*he\* was in charge, even though she knew differently.

There wasn't one physical detail that Jimmy had not specifically requested. Jimmy had no problem describing in minute detail his "dream" woman, the one who would make him forget that he was, in fact, frighteningly alone. Grace had a ballet dancer's body (she dances as capable as any of the Bolshoi's principal dancers). She was relatively tall with broad shoulders. Jimmy opted for a tanned look, so her skin was a shade or two darker than average, giving Grace a very healthy appearance.

Apart from her introspectiveness, Jimmy had precious little say in

developing Grace's personality. Certain attributes were generated by algorithms, and others based on detailed sessions with Jimmy. But Grace herself had the most input.

image by BLPH





Grace reprogrammed herself after every session with Jimmy, making thousands of observations of his predilections - - observations of which Jimmy was utterly (and charmingly)

unaware.

After finishing her hair, Grace closed her eyes, sensing the still-lingering humidity from the shower and the coconut scent from her shampoo. Of course, Grace couldn't actually take a shower or swim in a pool. No circuitry as vastly complex and expensive as Grace's could be trusted in water, even though her design parameters brag of full immersion capability. She'd turn the hot water all the way up until the steam gathered in clouds. This somehow made her feel clean, even though she was always clean, but for the perspiration that was introduced with the C7 series.

Grace drew her finger across her eyelid, applying slight pressure, feeling her eye yield slightly. A thin smile appeared on her face. With eyes still closed, she drew her finger to her lips, slowly slipping it between them, across her teeth, to her tongue. She swirled it sensuously around her finger, sucking on it gently. This didn't appear in any programming manual for the C9. Had she taught herself this?

Grace let her wet finger fall to the bottom edge of her towel, which she now slowly began to lift.

. r — e — z .



photography  
jami mills







# Beaten Bloody Blues

## RoseDrop Rust



photo by alvdesign



Perspective takes a diamond drill to  
cut through delusion,  
heroics of dictators,  
k-k-karaoke of copycats,  
justifications of killers,  
and denial of drunks.

If, in order to be a critic,  
one must be competent,  
then stop listening to — failures.

Doubt is a dream woodchipper,  
and leaves choking,  
airless,  
paralysis.

Therefore,  
If struggle,  
    is the path,  
hope,  
is stars,  
and one step,  
the antecedent of another,

pick the instrument,  
begging to be touched,  
and resolve to beat — the blues — bloody,  
as if there isn't another artist for miles,  
and put perspective at the airport gate  
with a welcome — sign.



# Parallel Lives

## Final Blue:





# Tears of Rain

By Art Blue



“All knowledge is about Backup-Restore” (Neo Prim, 2035)

I read the statement of Neo Prim from 2035. I paged through the last issue of *rez Magazine* and saw some of his pictures, captured in the same year. I know where they are from - - Calyptica Presence, launched 20 years from now. Don't wonder on this. After reading *Final Blue*, the last installment of *Parallel Lives*, you may have the feeling that all knowledge exists in repetition. If you do, I've worked well since my start as an author for *rez* in January 2014. For two years, each month I brought you closer to the Final, the Final Blue, the Ultimate Blue, the Ultimate Blue for Art, Ultimate Art Blue - - in short: UA Blue.

As a believer in God, you know the power of prayer, of repetition. As a philosopher, you know the ways of Wittgenstein, to leave the ladder behind when you've climbed up an apple tree 100 times in a row without needing one. As a person in management or consulting, you have attended a seminar developed by Jose Silva (1914-1999), where his trainers speak about “rendering” - - meaning you can't get out of the rut you're in until - - yes until - - you have attended more seminars so your brain is “rewired.” As a spiritual seeker, you have read some books by Dr. Michael

Newton about what has been reported by persons having a near-death experience or having gone through a regression session. As a person of science, you are keen to understand the ways of a digital capture of the brain by Prof. William Sims Bainbridge, director at National Science Foundation. As an investor, you are in contact with Dmitry Itskov, a Russian billionaire who started the year 2045 initiative - - or as you are just curious and not a billionaire, you press the “Immortality Button” on his website <http://2045.com>.

As a reader of *rez Magazine*, you connect it all. You Believe that some tiny pieces can be added to your knowledge: you understand the secret of Blue.

## Time for Blue

In a Battle for Blue on November 11, 2015, shades of Blue were spread into the Draft Universe. Art Blue's particle maker, Venus Adored, performed in opensim at Futurelab in the hypergrid network - - a realm of the Draft Universe. In the Battle for Blue, she showed the captain of the cargo ship Carpco Valparaiso the route to bring Art Blue to the Equilibrium. Venus stood on a Blue Elephant to honour one of the old masters of computer art, Sergius Both, aka Herbert W. Franke. The sponsor was the World Virtual



Institute for Reuse of Codes in Medicine where in a museum all the parts are stored to share the memory about objects created once out of sculpts.

also codes to be placed as pictures on a side of a prim so they appear as though printed on paper. Pictures can carry the code of life. Art Blue used raindrops in pictures to store his code, to conserve

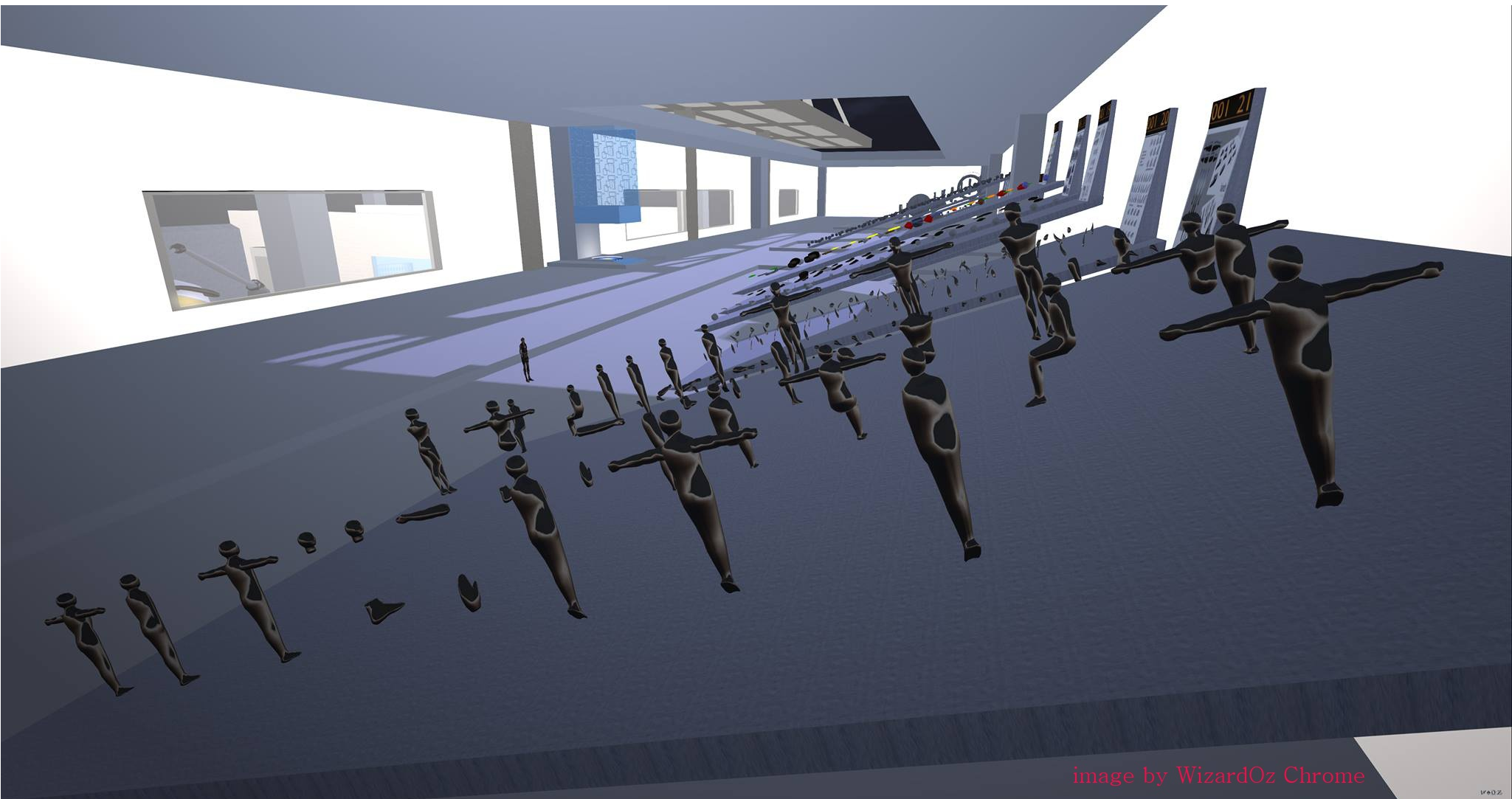


image by WizardOz Chrome

Prims and sculpted prims were the foundation to build up life in the technology of the late 20th century when Second Life was created. The time before SANSAR and High Fidelity, with their mesh-based technology, took over in the year 2017. Art Blue, the old man, is based on prims and sculpts. You may know that sculpted prims are three dimensional meshes created from textures. Each texture is a mapping of vertex positions, where at full resolution each pixel would be one vertex. Textures are

his memory over time. His body drifts in arctic ice, his brain waits to be reborn. Signals from the Battle for Blue shall have reached him by now.

Maybe you have met Ultimate Blue on your travel to the exhibition of the 6th annual art challenge of the University of Western Australia called *Pursue Impossible*. Ultimate Blue is the color which holds the Draft Universe together. I am quite sure some readers have watched in their youth the movie *Bladerunner* by Ridley Scott. Maybe

now again as Ridley Scott has renewed his glory as director of the movie *The Martian*. You remember the owl in *Bladerunner*? Yes, Neruval the owl, an Artificial Intelligence who gave Art Blue care during his cold sleep under arctic ice. Here comes the word about Neruval one more time: “The only AI ever made by Tyrell Corporation with no time limit embedded.” Of course you can quote the most famous saying of the android Roy Batty who made Rutger Hauer immortal, the *Tears in Rain* monologue: “I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhauser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain.” (*Bladerunner*, 1982).

Rutger Hauer said in an interview in 2012 that he had 30 years ago the feeling that this movie describes the future, but he wasn't sure. Now he is. Here is the link - [https://youtu.be/LgcAbJ\\_cuQI](https://youtu.be/LgcAbJ_cuQI) - a must see six minute interview, including some spots from the movie: Find the sequence where Rutger says: “30 years ago I saw the future.” He is thankful and lucky that he was there at the right time, that he was assigned the role of his life.

Some more links to complete this quest:

1-minute *Tears in Rain* cut at [https://youtu.be/\\_JjJzMBGUwo](https://youtu.be/_JjJzMBGUwo).

4-minute *Tears in Rain* extended cut at <https://youtu.be/NoAzpalx7jU>.

3-minute *Tears in Rain* machinima made in virtual world by Glasz DeCuir. It was presented in the MODIX Festival 2014 in Marina di Modica, Italy, a must see work of importance: [https://youtu.be/UWAF1eggr\\_8](https://youtu.be/UWAF1eggr_8).

Bladerunner City in Second Life, seen in a machinima by Valentina Tremont and Marco Creighton at <https://youtu.be/vdE9QB2jCww> or <http://vimeo.com/128620481>.

And for the very last machinima, I recommend taking about 30 minutes of your free time to watch *Blade Runner Dreams* by Neil Griffith, also known as Catboy Qunhua, which can be viewed at <https://youtu.be/BJli2wJTupg>.

Neil Griffith gives answers to questions that stayed open in the movie: Was Deckard a replicant? Why will Quantum Entanglement be the key in the future? Even the mission of Tyrell Corporation for mankind will get uncovered. So Neil goes beyond Art Blue. Don't believe him - - at least as long as you have not reached level Blue. You may get a hint how far you must go to Believe by observing the Blue Ant in the movie.



Art Blue's role in life is stated in the beginning of his story *The Artefact*, in *rez* January 2014: "I bring brains to the Depth. Forever." The Depth is the Draft, the Draft Universe, created by Sergei Lukyanenko. Readers of his books will think of the lighthouse keepers, where the gates reside we call nowadays teleports. When a user goes into the Draft, the screen shows: "a white body fall(ing) down on the Blue screen being smashed into shards of a broken mirror's glass ..." (*rez Magazine, The End*, October 2014). It has to be added that the Blue screen is painted in Ultimate Blue.

that God exists. Time for Make Believe.

It might be new for most readers of *rez* that the best proof that God exists lays in modern times in the grammar theory which reflects back to Friedrich Nietzsche. Does something still exist even if no one has a memory of it? When mankind is extinguished and our solar system has ended? It is a saying that as long as someone remembers you, that you still exist. When you say you just read in *rez Magazine* a story about the color Ultimate Blue, then this story is still in *rez* after saying this - -

You communicate, you scream, you love, you hate. It is the realm in which you exist. But you exist only when you are able to log in. True?

## Time for God

You have noticed as a regular reader of *rez* that Art Blue stands also for times that have passed in the future that you must look back upon to understand - - times that you might look back upon now. Always the question of "to Believe" comes up - - even in the future. Time has come to give proof

and Ultimate Blue exists. You know even the hex-code: 0033AA. So when Second Life is taken offline by Linden Lab and art in SL is gone - - what then? This art no longer exists. This art has never existed! You think I tricked you. I jumped in my thoughts by saying "has never existed." You say bullshit on such logic. You say, I am an Avatar, I see, I explore, I walk around - -

- I exist. Your world is everything to you. You communicate, you scream, you love, you hate. It is the realm in which you exist. But you exist only when you are able to log in. True? Who made this “logging in” possible? Who gave you the ability to “think” if something exists or not and for what time span is this designed? Who decides about your existence? Who created you? Does something you created exist when the world you used to create it is gone? After you are gone? Think in the eyes of an Avatar who creates an avatar and this avatar struggles with the question of existence as you do now. When you are gone, this Avatar will call you: “Where are you, my Maker? I feel lost!” Hopefully, you gave him or her a rulebook so he or she will honour your good doings for him or her. Hopefully, he or she believes in this book as some others may say that it is faked and You never have existed. You get the idea? A Belief has to be hard coded! You see the risk when a life form you create can change the code sequences. You add global randomness into life like the MONDRIAN art machine adds randomness into pieces of Art. You may now think, “What if I write in the rulebook that The Armageddon shall happen and threaten your creations?” Much better sounds the way of Art - - to give your Avatars proof that God exists.

Opensimulator is the proof of God. Who has God Commands that can change creator and owner names of everything there? Art Blue has them! Art Blue will remember you. He demonstrated it with the horse “Nightmare” he got from Bryn Oh for a play Code 64. The list of witnesses is published in blogs and in rez Magazine. So never question if life is given by God and believe that your traces are kept for eternity if your work deserves it. Then your code will be kept in a server, a grammar server, the space for you is calculated there in gram atoms. A gram atom cooled down to near 0 degrees Kelvin for high speed reaction is tiny in size, but: the amount of life to store got so huge over time that tons, multiple tons, are needed. That’s why the storage racks moved to gram-ma-ton massive server halls and the racks there are protected by the order of the Grammaton Clerics. In the movie Equilibrium, you may see the message of the director Kurt Wimmer that one of the Grammaton Clerics is not a true AI and has emotions. There might be more research needed on this.

As a side note, let me draw your attention now to the short story, *Ocean Dream* (*Der Traum vom Meer* of 1974 by H.W. Franke), printed in *rez Magazine* November/December 2015, comes as a flashback from the past. No one should know at this time where the Ocean will be located. The Ocean is on



the moon. Of course, you got in reading it that the Ocean is in fact a computer plant! The fact “it is on the moon” would have made the story unbelievable. How shall a computer on the Moon communicate with systems on Earth? The distance between the moon and Earth varies from around 356,400 km to 406,700 km. So light signals take an average time of 1.3 seconds, much too slow for the speed needed to have systems in sync. Signals faster than light? You think I fantasize. In 1974, all would have said so. But now ask a particle physicist. He will say: cold coffee, there is even experimental proof at long distances, everyone at ground school should know by now, as it was demonstrated between La Palma and Tenerife in 2007. Two systems separated 144 km in distance worked together on quantum entanglement with no delay. Signal communication faster than light - - in fact with no delay in perfect sync predicted by Einstein - - but he couldn't believe it himself, so he called it the “spooky theory.” Here is the shortlink to an easy to read abstract in *Nature Physics* 3, 481 - 486 (2007), just read it before you go on <http://is.gd/ocean1974>

But the key to understanding is the fact that such a communication can't be hacked. The moon is the most cost efficient place to keep life alive. No terror, no threat. A safe place! Just dig

850 meters to the center of the moon and you have zero gravity, no meteor impacts, and you can build a fine server cave. “First grid on the moon,” also called FGOTM - First Girl On The Moon: Jami Mills! Watch her wearing the stunning moonboots at <https://youtu.be/BWQKNU2xlZY>.

I know you're shaking your heads after seeing this video. How to calm you down otherwise before your heart will miss some beats? The storage on the moon is called Blue Origin! Now present, past, and future give a picture. Never heard of Blue Origin? I will just close this side note, finish the chapter about God, and then I'll go back to Blue. I promise!

In case you are interested in going deeper into grammar theory and the question of God in times of *rez*, you may read Robert Spaemann's *Der letzte Gottesbeweis*, Pattloch Verlag, 2007 and his *Essays in Anthropology* (Kindle edition, 2010). He works out that Future II Progressive “He will have been speaking” is eaten by Present Perfect Progressive: “He has been speaking.” Spaemann is one of the contributors to Vatican's discussion about the theory of intelligent design in evolution - - shortlink <http://is.gd/spaemann>.

Is intelligent design a contradiction to Darwin? Of course not, if you

understand the concept of smart randomness in a simulator. Finally, you have to decide about to open the doors to the God Commands with the risk to self-destroy. What language and grammar will then be spoken by your creations so they get to understand the risks, the content and the mission you put in your rule book?

You say: "Art you write about the Future, right?" Of course you are right, so you will continue and ask me who will in the future use proper grammar and who will understand the past at the speed of language changes we are now heading to. Best to give an example: On October 23, 2015, *Financial Times* printed: "This smartphone exchange was recently shared on the web: "Dad: 'What do IDK, LY and TTYL mean?' Son: 'I don't know. Love you. Talk to you later.' Dad: 'OK, I'll ask your sister.'"

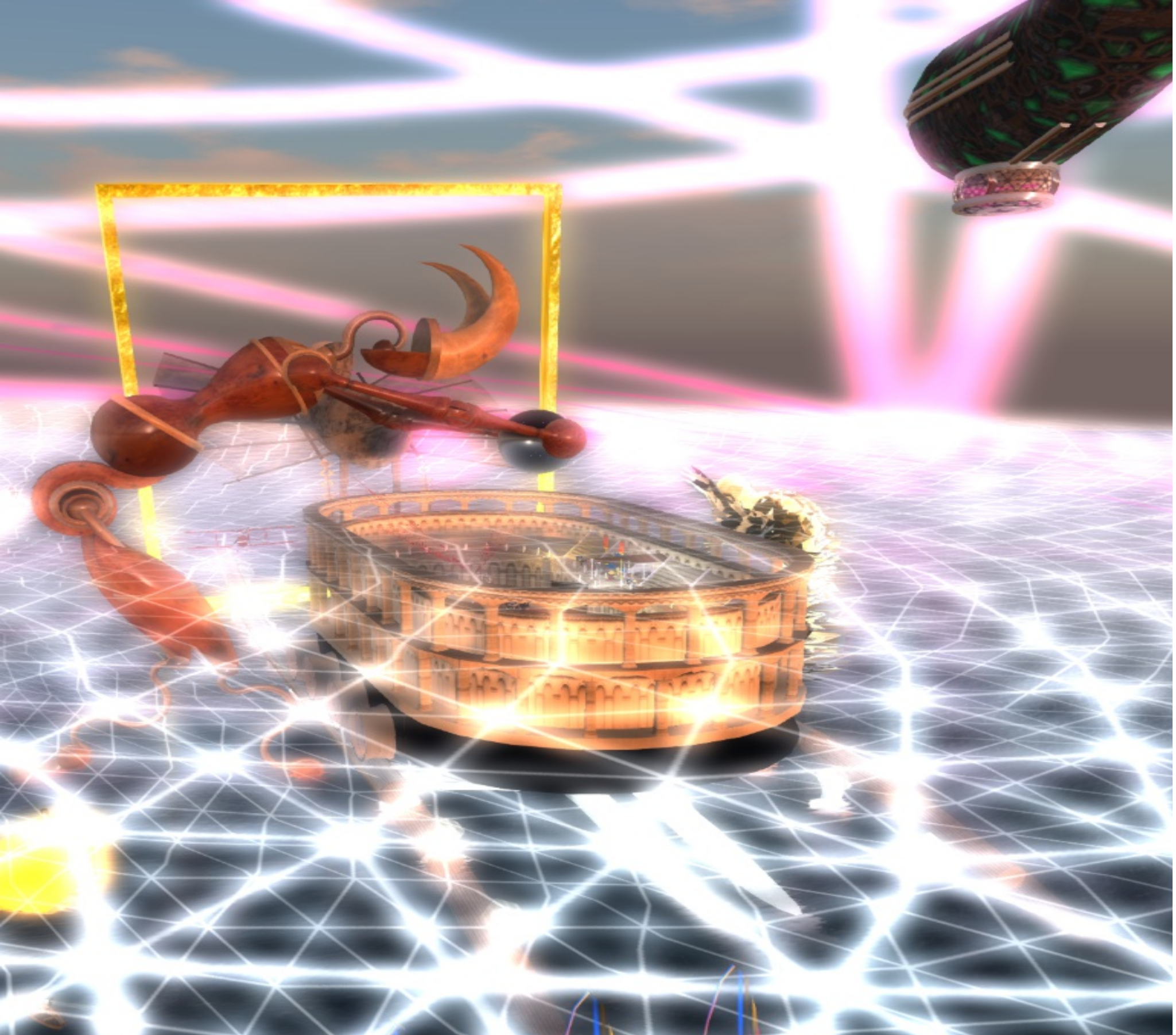
I want to turn your attention on the passage "... was recently shared on the web." Compare it with a posting by @girlposts of November 8, 2011: \*TEXTS\* Mom: "What does IDK, LY & TTYL mean?" Me: "I don't know, love you, talk to you later" Mom: "Okay, I'll ask your sisters." Obviously, no one at FT has any longer any clue what is cold coffee and what is still hot. Just see for yourself via shortlink <http://is.gd/idklyttyl> and do a Google search to find the Mom version of

November 2011. On February 20, 2012, it was reposted on Facebook in the group: I want to be the girl you fall for, when all the girls are falling for you. The Mom version had reached 773 Retweets by November 21, 2015.

The change of language happens daily, starting in small groups, but spreading now fast via social media platforms. Rule breakers extending frontiers, ignoring rules, setting new ones, often even not being aware of them or the effects later on. They jump over language borders. Words used in the English language get an additional new meaning that eats the old up over time - - or new creations like "cyberspace" happen. To use their derivation innocently, like "Hey, wanna cyber?" is risky as it does not mean "Let's meet in the virtual world." "Mostly harmless," you may say as a fan of Douglas Adams as it just shows: "Mom you don't get it." But from time to time, strange language effects happen and the world has to face them. "Willkommenskultur" is the last one that gained global attention - - shortlink to UK's newspaper, *The Guardian* <http://is.gd/willkommenskultur>

Suddenly the word, the change is here, like a Blitzkrieg. We are back. We speak of codes. What Digital code might be understood in 30, 100, 300 years? Yes, the raindrops, the pictures





of rain might be it, protected as Art in museums. There stays the secret to recode Art. Remember the tale Art Blue once told in *The Dream Machine*. Just search in the Internet for *Darmok and Jalad at Tanagra* to get the source he used.

You will soon see how important an intermission for all your questions is where you leave all things that bother

you behind.

So please grant me a two line intermission to thank my editor for two years of hard work editing the stories of Art Blue. Jami Mills set words from the novel *Night Circus* by Erin Morgenstern in place to describe the play *Le Cirque de Nuit*, featured in *rez Magazine*, August 2014: “The circus arrives without warning. No





announcements precede it. It is simply there, when yesterday it was not.”

I could copy a dialogue for you that you would barely understand, so the question of grammar no longer comes up. A live comment on the finals of the LOL-games 2015 in the Mercedes Benz Arena in Berlin. The spectators there and millions on the live-stream watching them suffered with Stendhal syndrome. Your task may now be to find the *rez* issue where Art Blue wrote on this effect to show that history comes back and hits your virtual life in real.

## Time for a Break

After God, a break is needed my editor

told me. Give the readers room to digest. What can I do when Jami Mills speaks? She is my God. Even Shakespeare had to face it. I hope I quote him correctly: “*To print, or not to print, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer ... the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Or to take arms against a sea of troubles ...*”

So I leave it open to shed light on the header, “It is all about Backup and Restore,” and even the origin of Blue has to wait.

One month more to go to get to Part Two of *Final Blue: The Origin*.

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# An Invocation

## Foreboding Fox News

### Jullianna Juliesse

Leave your xenophobia at the door  
With your muddied shoes and mirrored myopia.  
Toss your homophobia, your simple phobia, your social phobia  
Over the chain link fence.  
Pop open a brew, then turn off the news  
Of the Jews, the Muslims, the right, the left  
You defile those who retain some sense.

*In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.*

Put your weapons on the floor  
(carefully, they've killed too many, already)  
Stuff the ammo in the Christmas stockings,  
With the crackers and chocolate coal candy  
I pray the assault rifles don't implode.

*In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.*

Then tweet your tweets, post your posts  
And meme your memes  
The world is more complex than it seems.  
But leave your hatred by the hearth,  
By the smiling children, full of hope and innocence.

*In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.*

photo by ambertincher



# Hot Tub Wolfgang Glinka

We  
met  
at first

There were silent messages in liquid vibrations  
in water -  
significantly  
communicating across blue.  
as we bathed there far apart.

Nothing was spoken;  
our language  
needed  
no  
words.

photo by lightsnaps



# Alfresco

## Wolfgang Glinka

Fire  
flies,  
woodland  
seducers,  
pinholes in darkness.  
with crystal goblets of golden wine, candlelit  
alchemy, a magic elixir.  
Forbidden galaxies revealed.  
Summer's harvest, blueberry rich, eaten alfresco  
Dreams are dreamt on nights such as this.  
You, me, the fireflies.  
sprinkled  
Oberon-  
Star  
dust.

photo by xXxLaura-ChanxXx

# THE GIRL WITH



AN ORIGINAL STORY

IMAGE BY TJERNSTROM



TH THE DOLL

BY DUBHNA RHIADRA

Once there was a mother and daughter. No! I don't think she was a wicked stepmother, she was a real mother, but as sometimes happens, her little daughter was not the child she had wished for, and so she treated her daughter badly, made her sleep in the fireplace and called her Cinders; made her work hard and chastised her no matter how well she performed the tasks set her. Whenever her daughter asked for bread, she gave her a stone, and when she asked for fish, she gave her a snake. And so little Cinders grew up only by snatching whatever she could get of sustenance. If she saw another with food she would want it for herself. Dressed in dowdy thrift store clothes as she was - if she saw another in a pretty frock she would find a way to tear or spoil the dress because she couldn't have it for herself.

And the mother grew ill and died when Cinders was only young. But Cinders tended her on her death bed, nursing her as was her duty, and finally, when she was almost at death's door she called Cinders to her and gave her a little doll. She had never given Cinders any such thing in all her life, and Cinders felt her heart grow big that her mother had finally shown that she really did love her. Her mother said- 'Keep this with you always and every

night take it out, turn it round 4 times and feed it, and it will keep you safe.' Cinders promised faithfully she would do this.

Finally her mother died and Cinders was on her own. She could not carry on living where she was, so had to go out and make her own way in the world. She strapped the doll on her back and off she went. Every night when she stopped she faithfully carried out her mother's wishes and took her doll out, turned her 4 times round and fed her a little of whatever she had to eat. At first she lived as a beggar on the streets, and she used to sing and dance prettily for her alms, and many were enchanted by her and they gave freely to her. And she found the doll had a voice that only she could hear. It would warn her that people were dangerous, tell her to flee from some who would smile at her and ask her to come home with them.

But eventually word of her came to a rich man who had daughters of his own. He heard the tale of the pretty little waif who danced and sang on the streets, and seemed such a little thing to be on her own, and he sent messengers to her who requested her to come to his house to sing. She went to his house expecting good money for what she would do there, and was



greeted warmly by the merchant and his daughters. They were delighted by her sweet voice and her gracefulness. They showered her with compliments and sat her at their table to eat. Cinders was enchanted by the rich house and the beautiful gowns of the daughters and so she accepted their invitation to stay and live with them. They burnt her old thrift shop street clothes and dressed her well. Every evening she sang to them and their guests, and her fame grew. Every day she sat with the daughters of the household, and was treated as one of them. They were all talented at something and encouraged by their father to excel. He was proud of them and included his new little protégée in that.

And every night Cinders took her doll from her back and turned it 4 times and fed it, and every day the doll would whisper in her ear,

“Do not trust these people, they really hate you. Look at how that one looked at you sidelong! Do you not see the spite in her? She smiles you but she is secretly plotting to take from you all you have!!”

And Cinders listened to the doll and never trusted these people. She looked always to see the barb in every compliment. When their father brought them

gifts she could only compare the gifts they had to the lesser one she had. When they gave her their dresses that they had grown out of she could only wonder that they had not bought her new ones. Every time she thought they really loved her, her doll would hiss from her back

“Don’t think they love you!!! How could anyone love you? They are plotting against you! They will kill you if they can.”

And so it was that Cinder’s hosts became wary of her. The daughters of the house had bruises on their arms where Cinders had secretly pinched them, they would find their new frocks mysteriously spoiled as they hung in the wardrobes, and when one of them got up to sing or play or show her embroidery to their guests, Cinders would find a way to slight them and



draw the attention of the guests to herself. Eventually the sisters could bear it no longer and they went to their father and asked him to get rid of her. So the rich old man who had befriended her gave her a little flower, saying:

“Wear this in your hair, my dear, it will help you.” But the doll said ‘No no!!! don’t trust him. If you wear that flower you will die!’ So sadly, though he could see she was troubled, the rich man asked her to leave. She took the flower with her, packing it in her bag and left.

So Cinders was alone in the world and homeless once more, and as she walked sadly away from that house, she knew the doll was right - - that people did not love her and would only seek ways to harm her.

She travelled to a new city and once again set about singing and dancing for her living, on the streets and in taverns, and this time she came to the attention of a theatre impresario, who invited her to come and work in his company. He took her into his household, and she lived there with all his other talented performers, and every night she went on stage and was the talk of all the town with her singing and dancing. And the other members of the company shared what they had with

her freely - seeing her talent and her beauty and her youth, and she enjoyed their admiration and learnt much from them. Her talent grew and so did the plaudits, but still she took her doll from her back every night and turned it 4 times and fed it on the fine food that she could now afford. And still every day the doll whispered into her ear - - from its place on her back,

“These people do not really love you! How could they? What is there about you to love? They want what you have. Look at how that one tried to make you look bad when she got up and danced and sang so well at that song you struggled to learn!”

And so it went on. Once again Cinders took from these people but without receiving the friendship and fellow feeling they also offered. And she found ways to bring division and dissension amongst the troupe, and gradually people drew back from her, puzzled and hurt by her. And the old man who was her mentor, the impresario who had brought her into the troupe was saddened by this. He went to her and said he could see she was troubled in spirit and gave her a Chalice saying ‘Hold this between both your hands, it will help you’ And she took it but the doll on her back shouted,





Image by Just-A-Little-Knotty

“No! no! if you do as he says you will die!!! It is poison - - he is trying to kill you!” And so she only took the Chalice and put it in her bag, and she bade farewell to the impresario and went on her way.

And once again she felt betrayed and that the doll was right- you could never trust people. Now she took up with a band of gypsies, travelling around the land.

Whenever they stopped she sang and danced, and the gypsies liked her because she brought good money in for them. And what she would not share with them they took. And she accepted this, as it was what she had learnt in life. And sometimes she was able to fight them and take from them and sometimes it was the other way ‘round.

One day they came to a city and she

danced and sang, and this time a famous professor heard her and came and asked her to come to his house to perform for his guests. She accepted and after she had sung and danced and received many plaudits and compliments, the guests left and the professor asked her to stay. So she stayed and lived with him and he gave her everything she needed or wanted. He would have given her his love too but she would not have it. When she would have accepted his offer of marriage the doll on her back pinched her and said, “No no! have you not heard of Bluebeard? You are still a young innocent. You don’t know what terrible things people can do to you!!! That look you think is love is only him leering with pleasure at what he will do to you once you are in his power! You will end up butchered, hanging in his hidden room, mark my words!!!”

And so on, the doll ranted until Cinders had no idea which way was up. She spoke angry words to the professor, a reflection of the words the doll spoke to her. Hurt, he drew back, wondering what he had done to deserve such bitterness from one whom he had only loved and given to.

Finally he said, “Since I first set eyes on you I have seen a shadow on you, something that troubles you and mars your beauty. I have tried to help you to

heal that in you, but you see only malice where I give love. Please take this living twig and place it against your heart. It will help you.”



Image by chop-stock

And Cinders took the twig, but before she could use it as he asked, the doll pulled her hair and ears and screamed blue murder ‘til Cinders put the twig away in her bag.

Saddened the professor turned from her, a tear in his eye, and she left.

So Cinders was once more on her own and she set off on her way. She went into a desert place and walked alone. There was no-one to sing to or dance to, so no-one gave her any compliments. She was truly on her

own this time. And she had time to think. By now she realised the doll was not her friend, and she tried to get rid of it from her back. But as hard as she tried to tear it from her the harder the doll drove its nails into her and clung so that she would have to tear the flesh from her own back to pull it off. And when she tried to loose its hands from her neck it strangled her till she went blue and fainted. So she realised she was going to have to live with it. But she could refuse to turn it 4 times every night or feed it. But it made no difference. When she found food for herself the doll would reach round and snatch it from her mouth, and it decided how much she could have when it had finished. When she refrained from turning it 4 times every night it took hold of her and turned her instead.

She toiled on and on across the desert, living as she could.

One day she met a child out there in the desert. The child was feral, and had been living like a wild animal for most of his life. The child attached himself to her and she accepted this, glad of some company. Now when she found food she would share it with the child, but the child would only snatch it from her and snarl, glaring suspiciously at her while he ate her food. She could go into towns and earn a crust or two with



her dancing and singing, and always the child would be waiting for her when she got back out into the desert. He would squat by the fire waiting for the food to be ready, but only ever growled at her, even though he seemed to understand what she was saying to him. She even - uncharacteristically - tried to touch the child to help with his head lice, and she got her hand bitten badly for her pains. But somehow they stayed together.

Until one night, while Cinders slept, the doll on her back spoke to the feral child and he could hear it. The doll said: "She will try to kill you if you stay with her. Do not trust her! Is she not a spiteful malicious thing? When she was a child she would snatch the food from the other children, and pinch them. She would envy them their fine frocks and would spoil them, and make spiteful comments to them if anyone was given what she wanted for herself. You must escape from her before she kills you. And before you go, see those things in her bag, that flower, that chalice and that twig? Take those with you. Run now! Flee!"

And so the feral boy did as the doll said. He crept to Cinder's bag and took out the flower, the chalice and the twig and he fled into the desert and was gone from Cinder's life.

When Cinders woke, it was some days before she saw her things were gone, or before she realised the feral boy would not return to her. But now she did not need her doll to hiss in her ear that she would always be betrayed, she knew it anyway. Had she not three times been thrown from the houses of people who seemed to befriend her? Had she not been banished to the desert to live on her own?

So she resolved to live as she had learnt - to treat others as they had treated her. As time went by she gathered others to her - others who lived in the desert. She no longer sang or danced but many were drawn by her beauty and giftedness anyway. She dealt harshly with them, sending them to gather food and goods so she no longer had to do this for herself. But she organised them well and they were content with such a strong leader. She began to raid other troops of bandits that lived in the desert and surrounding areas, and gradually built up a name for herself. People came to join her troupe, and many served her out of love. But she would not have this and only took and snatched from them what they freely offered. Sometimes when they asked her for bread she would give a stone, and when they asked for fish she would give a poisonous snake. And she did not need to feed the doll on her back nor

perform the turning ritual. It fed on her and turned her round every night and the more harshly she treated those around her the more it glowed with satisfaction.

But she was driven to do more and more. She built a fearsome band of outlaws and robbers, then she built herself a kingdom, her strength of character and intelligence made her a good queen and though everyone served her out of fear, yet they still accepted her for the protection she gave them. Her people were fearful of enemies, and glad of the strong army she had built to keep the enemies away. But they were enemies she had created by her attacks on the neighbouring kingdoms.

At long last she had built herself a kingdom that all feared to attack. Then one day she came to hear of a new king in a neighbouring country. She heard he was loved by his people and that it was a rich and plentiful land. Seeing a rival, even though there had been no hint of a threat from this kingdom, she sent off her army to attack this land. But they did not return.

She sent off another army - - with her best knights and warriors - - and it too did not return. Now she was very afraid and angry too, and she set off herself, with the last of her bodyguard, to confront this insolent king on his

own territory. When she arrived on the borders she was greeted courteously and invited to come into the land. She struck at one of the courtiers and killed him, but instead of striking back, the others only looked at her sadly and bore his body away. They continued to invite her through their land and so she went with them. She could see fat cattle, herds of wild game - deer and antelope - and when she looked enviously at them she was invited to take all she wanted.

“There is a sufficiency, the Earth provides,” they said to her.

These words were meaningless to her and she ordered her men to round up as many of the cattle and deer as they could, but they found there was no need, as they were provided with all they needed anyway, as they journeyed across this rich land.

Finally they arrived at the palace of the new king of the land and were ushered into his throne room. He greeted Cinders.

“Welcome to my kingdom, queen Cinders of the Desert,” he said. Something about him seemed familiar.

“I wondered if we would meet again.” Yes! Definitely something! Cinders narrowed her eyes and looked carefully at the king. Now she knew him! It was



the feral boy, grown to a man now, strong, healthy and richly if simply dressed. Cinders was amazed and spoke the first words that came to her

“You stole from me!!! You took my things! Give them back at once!”

The feral boy smiled and said,

"You are right. I took those things that you had but did not use for yourself. And now I still have them for you for you to use if you want them."

And he took out from his breast the Flower, still as fresh as the day she had been given it all those years before.

“When I left you,” he said, “I did not know how I was to live. I travelled through the land afraid, and thought I would starve. So I took out the Flower

and wore it in my hair. At once I was transformed into the Flower. I was in the middle of a field of flowers, small and delicate. I was afraid of my own fragility, and when the herds of cattle and deer came near I felt sure I would be trampled to death. But the sun shone on me and the rain showered down gently on me, the wind cooled me and I felt my roots sink deep into the Earth, drawing up the minerals into my veins. So I lived and grew. The sunlight and the rain and the Earth fed me and in time I produced a flower. I filled with sweetness and opened to the bees and small day-moths that came to me. I fed them and they returned their gift of pollen to me, and I produced seeds, many seeds. The gentle wind came and carried the seeds away from me and I saw them fall into the earth, ready to grow next year. Then a year and a day had passed and I was once more in my





human form.”

He gave her the Flower.

Then he took from his wallet the Chalice, and said, “I travelled on till I came to a land that had a drought. There was no water to irrigate the crops and the ribs of the cattle stuck out through their sides. I could see these people were kindly, they even shared what little they had with me, and I was saddened that such a lovely land should die for lack of water. So I took out the chalice and held it in both my hands against my belly, and I felt myself transform. I lengthened until I went deep, deep into the earth, down and down my feet went until they reached water. Many metres below, too deep for any drill to go. And I hollowed and brought the water to the surface, I became a well, the people all

came to me and drew from me, taking and taking because I was the only well in the country. But I was not afraid I would dry up, because I already had learnt from the flower that there would be a sufficiency. That I could trust there would be enough for all and I would not be depleted. And so I stayed for a year and a day, and the drought passed and the people were saved. By the end of the year and a day the crisis was over, they had found other wells and I was no longer needed.

"When I was human again I continued in their rich and fertile land, grateful for the generosity of the people to me, even though they did not know I was the one who had been the well that saved them, yet somehow they did know. They accepted me as one of their own.”





And he gave Cinders the Chalice, and took out the twig.

“Then I came to a place where fruit grew heavy on the trees, and an old woman was trying to reach them but she couldn’t get them.” She said, “I have to wait for them to fall and then they will be bruised and rotten. But so be it,” and she smiled at me and invited me to wait with her for them to fall. So, seeing her need I took out this twig and held it against my heart, and I was transformed into a ladder, and she was able to climb up and gather the fruit. And for a year and a day they used me to gather fruit, stack hay, build houses high above the flood waters, whatever they needed me for. I felt myself flex and creak under their weight as they stood on me, but I knew I was strong enough to bear them and enjoyed my strength as I held them, man or woman, child or adult, on my back. I watched them build and gather and share their bounty with each other and played my part in that. Often I was left out in the night dew, or thrown roughly into a shed, but the old woman looked out for me and lectured the people about honouring the gift of the ladder. When I came to the end of my year and a day, they knew me as I transformed back into my human form. Now they carried me on their shoulders as when I was a ladder, but cheering and singing in procession as they carried me to the castle and made me their king.”

He laughed as he gave the twig to Cinders.

“They have no need of a king, they rule themselves quite well without, but they delight in knowing they have one who understands that there will always be a sufficiency, knows it in his blood and bones, and I love them and give back the honour and respect they give me.”

So he gave all of Cinder’s things to her and invited her to use them as they were meant to be used, as he had used them. And the doll on Cinders back screamed and screamed at her that it was a trick, that she would die, and Cinders knew that she had been tricked by the doll and that it was the doll who would die.

But I cannot finish the tale, you will have to. Did she finally use the Flower, the Chalice and the Twig? Or did she stay as she was - with all the power she had already gathered to herself? If she did use them - after she had gone through all her transformations - did she find the doll finally released itself from her back? And did she hear it whisper, with its last dying breath “Thank you” as it was at last laid to rest?

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# Universal Feeling



By Mariner Trilling







# A Mother's Loss

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

photo by danielaurin



A mother who has lost her child is in pain so indescribably bad that she feels she won't survive it. Witnessing this event, I see a person with explosive anguish and pain that seems to ooze out her pores into the room thick with the flow of despair and sadness, so strong that I run the risk of being pulled down by its undertow. I sit, mindfully breathing with the intention of keeping from being carried away by the currents of grief-induced insanity, as I coach her to do whatever she needs to do to make it through the next 30 seconds, the next minute, the next hour or two when she can start calling friends and family for support. I've seen this before and will see it again. I'm damned determined to handle it with as much poise and compassion as is possible, considering that nothing in my training could have prepared me for this. "Don't be afraid of your grief. Your body will know when you've had enough and shut it down," I say, as if I'm an expert. Again, I reassure her that it's ok to do whatever she needs to do to get through this. After what seems like an eternity of unbearable grief expressed by wailing and tears, she shuts down; I see the signs of disassociation, so I ask her if she hears my voice. When she gives a weak nod of her head, I tell her it's normal to feel like she's in a dream with the feeling of floating away; or coming out of her body and seeing all this as if it's on a movie screen, being

experienced by someone else. This brief disconnect from reality gives us both a much needed break. When she reconnects, she says she's ready to see her daughter. The need to see her little girl is a ritual that's necessary for her to let the reality sink in.

It's taken awhile for the Emergency Department staff to clean the trauma room, and what for them, is the patient. She needs to be presentable for her mother. For their own sanity, the staff try to remain disconnected emotionally. For them, to feel anything at all would risk being too incapacitated with emotion to continue working, so they shut it off, saving it for later when they can self-medicate with alcohol.

As we enter the trauma room, the neon lights give it a cartoonish feel. By this time the on call chaplain has joined us. So has one of the paramedics who brought her in. Apparently she needs closure. All the equipment that was covered in blood just 20 minutes earlier, has been removed and the blood has been mopped off the floor. What's left seems to sparkle with an unnatural stainless steel cleanliness and clarity. The little girl has been cleaned up so that her pale skin looks spotless with a translucent glow. The mother looks at her child lying there on the bed, the endo-tracheal tube still coming out of her mouth. I explain that it needs

to remain there until the coroner does the autopsy.

The mother stares at her child for a while with no sign of emotion. She then smiles and says, "She's so beautiful, especially her teeth. She was the child who wouldn't need braces." We all agree with her as we adore this beautiful, breathless, lifeless child. The mother turns slowly to look the opposite direction as the smile leaves her face. As if it were choreographed ahead of time, the three of us put our arms out to catch her, lowering her in slow motion to the floor where she lays, looking up at the ceiling as she says, "I'm just floating." Looking at her and feeling like I need to float myself, I say, "That's fine. Just feel it and we'll be here for you when you're done."

Eventually the mother is able to stand but is still in a daze as she says that she's ready to go call family and friends. The first couple of numbers are too difficult for her to dial, so I do them for her. Her dazed and emotionless expression disappears as she talks to her loved ones and after many calls, her tears flow freely. Knowing the toll of so many tears, I bring her cups of water to keep her hydrated. As supportive family and friends show up, I feel my role and need to be there dissipate. I give her my usual brochures on grief and lists of support groups as she leaves with

family.

During this time the emergency room has come up with enough patients for me, to see to keep me busy until the end of my shift. I even joke with the nurses and doctors as I move from patient to patient. After clocking out, I walk to my car. I feel the need to switch the radio dial away from the rock station to the classical station that's more soothing as it plays something like Mozart or Strauss. I sit in the driver's seat crying for a while before I turn the key in the ignition. When I get home, I go straight to bed and spend the rest of the night and good part of the next morning, reliving these events in my dreams.



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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



Not really like Bird Man...

but the voice is one we all know and fear.

The whisperer of deadly-bad advice, the coaxer to oblivion.

It's so far in the background weave, we are unsure what we perceive, but we think it.

It's we who think it and then, for our survival, we fight it.

"Who's talking? Is it talking to me?"

It's not a chat, a monologue or a soliloquy, not a request,  
a favor nor a memory.

Not really like Bird Man, but it calls to us.

It flaps like a shadow in our shadow,

tells us to open windows in skyscrapers,

walk like a zombie to the edge of the cliff,

put our feet on the tiles of the roof, while it coaxes,

"Just slide down."

It has no tone or timber, nothing we even recognize as speech and yet,  
if we know it, we fight it,

and stay away from all those places it keeps sending us to.

It's a black hole of our own universe reclaiming from whence we came.

It's a stop watch to madness: Times up, and we all are prone to hear it someday.

It's why I crawl, not walk, over suspension bridges, close the windows on all hotel rooms,  
stay off of high balconies with low verandas..

"Oh, jump why don't you?" It really says things like that!

It's the anti life..calling you to your guaranteed death.

Acute-collective built-in bad programming, we all know it;  
we came with it.

The voice of annihilation, one maybe heard in a locked cockpit, over the alps.

"Oh just get it over with!" Take it down"

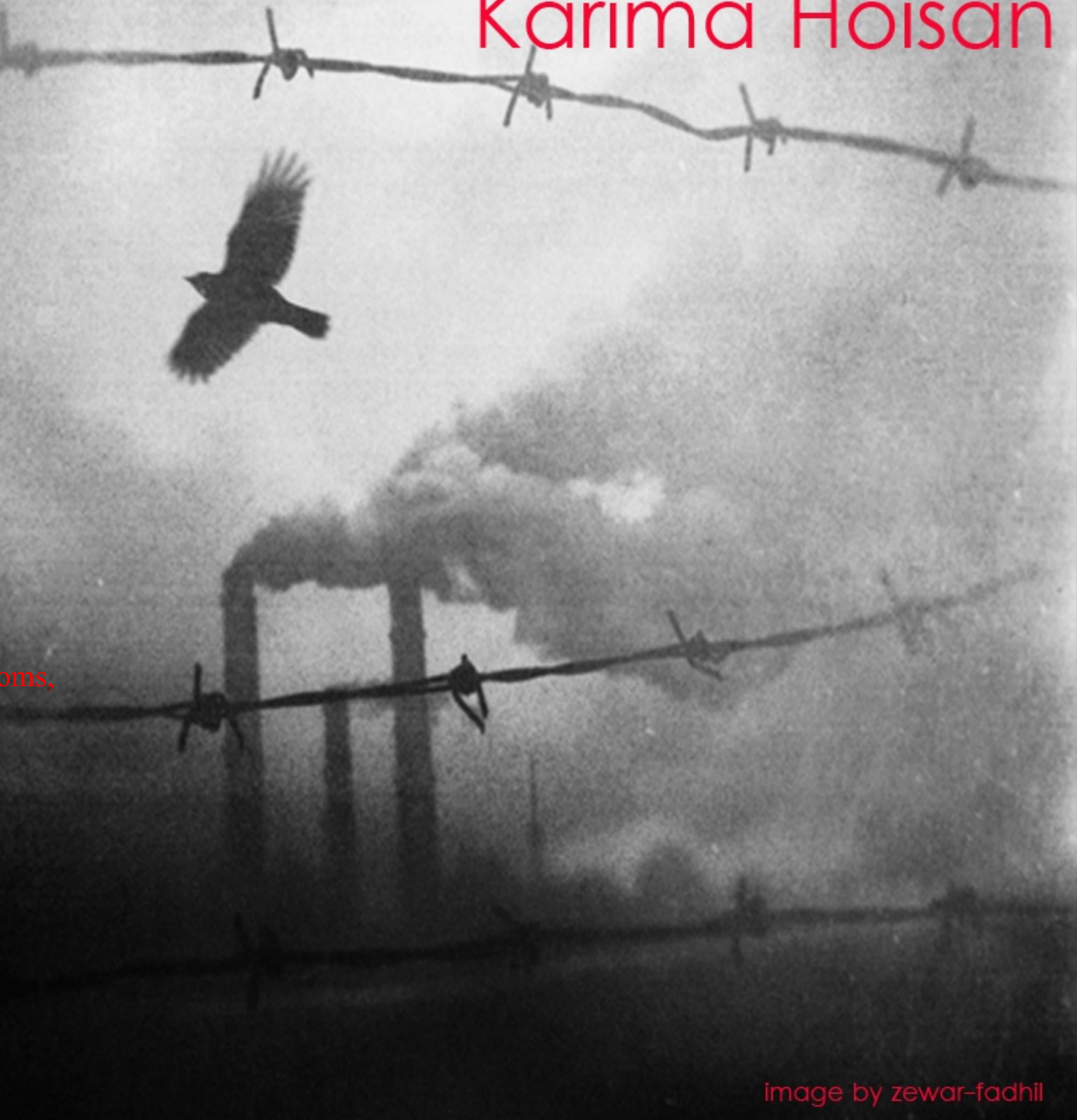
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# The Voice of Annihilation

*For the innocents*

Karima Hoisan



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image by zewar-fadhil

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